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THE WASP.

By Robert Ruſticoat, Eſquire.

Vol. I.] "*To laſh the Raſcals naked through the world.*" [No. 9.

HUDSON, OCTOBER 14, 1802.

A Solemn Warning, to the leading Demos of the City of Hudſon—which, by the bye, is recommended to the peruſal of all minor Demos, who, like their leaders, have formed the laudable reſolution of ſticking to our worthy Virginia Preſident, thro' black *and white, through thick and thin.*

GENTLEMEN,

WHEN, in my laſt number, I convicted Holt of apoſtacy, and proved that he was emulating Callender in his race of expoſure, I did expect that, like grateful Democrats, you would croud my Garret with letters of thanks and congratulations. I did expect, that you would in a body, frown Holt back again to the priſon of New-London—that you would fly to me as your political ſaviour—that my fame would be reſounded, and my liſt of 800 ſubſcribers would be ſwelled to 1000. Judge of my ſurprize, then, when you are informed, that I find you ſtill as blind, as credulous, as much the dupes of Holt, as ever. Judge of my ſurprize, when I find, in the whole increaſe of my ſubſcription laſt week (which was nearly fifty) not one Democrat in this city is included. It becomes, therefore my duty, Gentlemen, as "organ of the will of the people," and as your vigilant friend and protector, to deliver to you this *ſolemn warning*. And while you peruſe it, I requeſt you will baniſh all partialities which you may poſſeſs for MYSELF, (as Duane ſays) for Callender or Col. Burr; and alſo, all antipathies to Holt, Clinton or Jefferſon. You doubtleſs have read in the *Citizen* and *Albany Regiſter*, that Holt was ſolicited to edit the new Burrite paper in New-York. Gentlemen, I *warn* you not to credit this *artful* fabrication. When I firſt read the ſtory, I was convinced that it was a trick of our old enemy, called the Devil, to ſhield Holt from detection, and to bamboozle you—And Holt's ſubſequent conduct proved that I was not deceived. You, gentlemen, have witneſſed the labors of Holt for ſome weeks—and would you not denounce that man as a fool or a bedlamite, who would aſſert that that artful rival of Jefferſon, Col. Burr, had *ſeriouſly* fixed on ſuch a being as Holt for his editorial champion. It is far more probable, that, knowing the general character for ſtupidity which you, gentlemen, have certainly obtained, he concluded that even Holt might be ſufficient for his purpoſe among you. Hence he entered into treaty with him. The Clintonians became ſuſpicious;—and to allay their ſuſpicions, this ſtory was trumped up. It was a moſt convenient ſhield for an actual *doceur*. It gave a fine colouring to the bargain. And flimſy as the trick was, it ſeems, gentlemen, they calculated accurately, when they concluded you would become its dupes. But you will aſk—if Holt ſold himſelf, why has he not boldly advocated the cauſe of Burr? Ah! gentlemen, here was another piece of policy which your poor heads could not fathom. Holt is under the eye of a vindictive and devoted partizan of the Clinton family; and though it was certain that this partizan would not declaim againſt apoſtacy in public, ſtill his influence privately exerted, might limit the circulation of the *Bee*. Until, therefore, the *Bee* ſhould have been properly eſtabliſhed, and gained as wide a circulation as ſuch a paper could gain, it was the intereſt of Burr to fight in the buſh. Accordingly in the firſt number, Dearborn, Mr. Jefferſon's thunder-bolt of war, and all other *diſintereſted* democrats, who, like him, had gained offices for all their ſons, ſons in law, and couſins, were under the feigned names of Pelham and Falmouth, moſt brutally caſtigated. In every number of the *Bee*, although nothing is openly ſaid in favor of Burr, ſtill the Jefferſon party is, under the cover of fiction, reproached and reprobated. You can witneſs

for me, gentlemen, that thoſe ſtories about Jefferſon and Callender, and Sally and young preſident Tom, ſo widely circulated, and ſo clearly proved, have never been denied by Mr. Holt, as they have by Duane, Cheetham, and other Jefferſonian editors. To be ſure he has publiſhed ſome of Hector Ironſide's blood and thunder ſentences, upon thoſe ſubjects which did not in the leaſt affect the queſtion; but if my memory is correct, *he* never has denied them. I wiſh not, however, to impute guilt where there can be any excuſe. Perhaps this ſin of omiſſion aroſe from Holt's well known inability. Or, perhaps, when teſtimony and truth flaſhed in his face, he felt ſome conſcientious qualms, and his conſcience defeated what his head and heart intended. Thus far, gentlemen, there is only violent preſumptions. And now let me aſk you, are you not convinced of Holt's apoſtacy? If not, I will put the ſubject beyond all diſpute. I will ſtate evidence which Old Solomon himſelf—(though, by the bye, he is not the ſilleſt among you) would admit to be ſufficient to damn this Holt as an apoſtate. I allude to the ſtory of Mrs. Walker, which Holt has lately publiſhed. What in the name of common ſenſe could have induced Holt to publiſh that ſhameful ſtory to the world. Had not he publiſhed, gentlemen, you muſt be conſcious that it never would have become public. It was to be found in no papers. It firſt appeared in the *Bee*.—In point of turpitude, it is the moſt villainous act ever committed by man. And nothing but a ſettled enmity to Jefferſon, could have induced him to publiſh it. And, gentlemen, I am happy to think this conduct has moved your ire. One of you, I underſtand, declares Holt a blunderhead. Another ſwears he is treacherous. And I do believe, when you reflect on this aggravated crime, and conſider that he never has liſped a ſyllable againſt Burr, you will all join me in believing that Holt and Callender are running the ſame race. That they have moſt infamonſly turned tail upon their patrons—And that for theſe acts, they deſerve, not only contempt, but the *gibbit*. If, however, gentlemen Democrats, you cannot believe the truth—If you are gulled by the flimſy arts of a Burrite editor—you are loſt—Go on, then, continue in your folly. Let the apoſtate Holt continue to lead you by your noſes and laugh at your enormous ſtupidity. But when conviction is at length cudgelled into your brains—when you awake and find yourſelves in the muddy ſituation of a blind beggar, led by a blind puppy, then will you call to mind this moſt affectionate and ſolemn warning of your beſt and moſt intelligent friends. Then will you cry out, "why were we ſuch blockheads? Why did we not hear the friendly advice tendered to us by Robert Ruſticoat, Eſquire."—God bleſs you, gentlemen, and tear open your long ſhut eyes, that you may loathe the *Bee*, and its apoſtate editor,

Is the prayer of him,
Who was, is, and will be,
Till death,
"A thorn in your ſides."

ROBERT RUSTICOAT.

FROM THE AURORA.

"*I William Duane*, do deſire it to be remembered, "that I now ſay *Alexander Hamilton* has had and now "has juſt cauſe and reaſon to be thankful for the lenity "and forbearance that has been, and is ſhewn to him, "in that caſe, [the affair with Mrs. Reynolds] and in "*other caſes*; and that if the time ſhould ever come, "when it may be juſtifiable in my judgment to ſtate "*facts* concerning that man Hamilton of which I am, "and have been nearly three years poſſeſſed—*facts* for-"ced upon me by the woman called Maria, and of "which I have avoided purpoſely the publication, from "a ſincere hope that no occaſion would ever require "their publication—These facts are in a form that "cannot be invalidated—they are in the ſhape of queſ-"tions in my *hand writing* on one diviſion of the ſame "ſheet of paper—and anſwers in the hand writing of "the woman called Maria, oppoſite to them on each "of the ſame ſheets! of which there are *ten folio* "*pages!*"

Here, gentle reader, Duane tells you that he is in poſſeſſion of certain *facts* relative to Hamilton; and that "theſe facts are in a form that CANNOT BE INVALIDATED."—That is—they are in the ſhape of queſtions in Duane's hand writing—and anſwers in the hand writing of Maria, alias Mrs. Reynolds. And this, according to Duane, is good evidence againſt Gen. Hamilton. It may be ſo:—and now I beg leave to aſk, if queſtions in the hand writing of Callender, and anſwers in the hand writing of black Sally, would not be equally good evidence againſt Mr. Jefferſon?—Certainly, facts in ſuch form, "cannot be invalidated" in one caſe more than the other.

WHEN Holt ſtates, that Oliver Wolcott was a candidate for the Aſſembly in Litchfield, he ſtates what he knows to be falſe. The candidates in oppoſition to Kirby and Seymour, were Morris and *Frederic* Wolcott. Litchfield has generally ſent democratic repreſentatives. The truth is, Connecticut was never more federal than this year. This fact will ſoon appear from the return of votes for counſellors. The elections from particular towns, are no criteria to determine the ſtate of parties in Connecticut. No, no, Holt—the parties ſtand in Connecticut juſt as they did when you and your Bee were ſcouted from New-London—when you complained that federaliſm prevailed ſo much, that a poor democratic editor like you, muſt ſtarve or run away.

AS ſoon as the editors of the Balance declared, that "nothing which Holt or his home"-*made* "correſpondents could write," would claim their notice, out popped half a ſcore of whiffets, and began to annoy them with their yelpings. "There's no fear," ſays one, "we can growl at the Balance-men now, for they ſay they'll not meddle with us."—"Bew, wew, wew," cries another, "at 'em—at 'em—they wont mind it."—"Brayo!" bawls a third, "what bold fellows WE are."—All this will teach the Balance-editors a good leſſon. They will in future remember, that the only way to keep croſs dogs peaceable is to hold a cudgel over their heads.——Now if I was to declare I would take no more notice of the Bee, nothing would be ſeen in that *diſhclout of democracy*, but continual ſlanders againſt the Waſp. But I ſhall declare no ſuch thing. On the contrary, I ſhall not only keep the ſwitch conſtantly in view—but ſhall make ſuch application of it as occaſion requires.

GOOSY Johnny has come back from Connecticut—and he ſwears that, by all he could obſerve in the fields and atmoſphere in Lyme, where his daddy lives, it is preciſely as he ſaid when he was in New-York: for, ſays Johnny, it is as plain as "Bleſſed is the man," that there are more than twenty democrats in Lyme; And, as I told Judge Livingſton, 'tother day, we'll by and by make thoſe Connecticut chriſtians hop. Johnny ſays, too, that there was a caucus called on account of his viſiting them, in which Johnny made a ſpeech: and it is underſtood that he ſpoke almoſt ſix hours. And Johnny is ſaid to have proved that the Clintonians are a turbulent pack of Jacobins; and he declaimed much againſt Spencer. It has been hinted that Burr has ſent Johnny this journey to ſound Connecticut. If this be true—If Johnny has "turned tail in a fit of contrition" on his maſter Spencer, (who, by the bye, laughs at him, and calls him an aſs and a fool every day he lives)—If he has joined thoſe two moſt venal, moſt infamous of all apoſtates, Callender and Holt, it is as plain as "bleſſed is the man," that Johnny deſerves to be cut through in the ſame place in which his coat was cut, when he firſt became a ſailor.*

* *Thoſe who wiſh to hear the anecdote here alluded to are requeſted to apply to that moſt humorous gentleman, Mr. Joſeph G——n.*

CHARLEY HOLT ſays, he can't believe that Mr. Coleman means him when he ſpeaks of "imbecility and indigence," Why? becauſe his name is *Charly* and not *John*; and becauſe he could not believe that Mr. Coleman would deſcend to notice him. But he ſays, if Coleman really means the identical Charley, that is, himſelf, he is a little out—for that he, by God's help, and the help of 500 dollars (the price of his conſcience) and in defiance of goals, gibbits, and Robert Ruſticoat; and upon condition that his patrons will give a little more money *(Democrats a dun for you!)* is reſolved, if poſſible, to live a little longer. He ſays he is not ſo *imbecile* but that he can lie with tolerable fluency, and as far as his lies go, can yet do his part in deſtroying truth and federaliſm (that is, the federal government.) He ſays he is not ſo indigent, that he would make his conſcience a pander to his poverty *(although it is well known that he ſold himſelf to our democrats for five hundred dollars in advance)* or aſſociate himſelf with ſo rare a villain as Callender (altho' every body knows that he was impriſoned a few years ſince juſt like Callender—that he has lately ſlandered Mr. Jefferſon worſe than Callender; and in ſhort, conducts in every thing juſt like Callender) finally he ſays that he hopes no other federal editor will compaſſionate him as Mr. Coleman does. Yes, Holt, we all pity thee. Thou art a fair and legitimate object for pity. But thy conduct in ſelling thyſelf to our democrats, after thou hadſt been ſo long a ſcholar in the ſchool of adverſity, deſerves a laſh or two. Thy paper is beneath criticiſm, and yet it is paſttime for me to expoſe thy abſurdities. In ſhort, Holt, there will be no end to our compaſſion. This very piece in which you endeavor to combat a man who looks down upon you, is calculated to awaken no other emotions but pity. Compaſſionate thee!—yes, while that being on whoſe front his maker hath ſtamped in legible characters STUPIDITY, deſerves pity, ſo long ſhall every federal editor, who reads thy columns, throw aſide thy paper, and ſigh for thy miſerable ſituation.—

JUST after my laſt Waſp was publiſhed, in which was the ſtory of Mr. Jefferſon's attempt to ſeduce Mrs. Walker, extracted from the *Bee*, a gentleman who was formerly a democrat, and an acquaintance of Holt, called at his office. Holt, apparently in great affliction graſped him by the hand, retired with him into his *ſanctum ſanctorum*, and the following moſt lamentable dialogue enſued :—

Holt. You have read that d—d Waſp I ſuppoſe. Did you ever know a poor fellow ſo abominably treated ?

Gent. What is the matter, Mr. Holt ?

Holt. Matter !—Curſe that Robert Ruſticoat. How in God's name have I provoked this treatment ? What have I done ?

Gent. Do you not continue to edit the *Bee ?*

Holt. Is that ſuch a crime ? I only give in it, ſome extracts. Ruſticoat knows that I am not able to write one paragraph decently. Why ſhould he laſh me for the writings of others ?

Gent. Why, Mr. Holt, you muſt acknowledge that by publiſhing thoſe enormous falſhoods from the Aurora and Chronicle, you adopt them as your own, and thus become fair game for Ruſticoat.

Holt. No, I am not. I would ſhudder, ſinner that I am, if I for one moment ſuppoſed that all the lies I extracted into my paper were to be imputed to me. But, my friend, what can I do. My hands are tied. I have ſold myſelf to a few ſtupid mortals in this city, And I muſt either obey their commands or ſtarve. My paper is not under my own direction. A hopeful group of head-bound demo's rule me ; and I cannot publiſh as I otherwiſe would. Would to God I could once more gain my freedom. Would to God, I could once more return to my 250 ſubſcribers in New-London. Nay, I would, with pleaſure, return again to priſon.—For there I was more a freeman than I am at preſent.

I WONDER what ideas of honeſty and propriety the democrats of Dutcheſs county can have, when they employ ſuch a perſon as Iſaac Mitchell, as the editor of their newſpaper. They certainly muſt be totally unacquainted with his character ; or elſe they have no more regard for virtue than a hog has for diamonds. What will the upright citizens of Dutcheſs think of the democratic leaders there, when they know that the man who is ſet up as political dictator by them, is as deſtitute of moral character as Duane the Iriſhman, or Cheetham the Engliſhman.——Such men as Mitchell ought never to engage in public employments. They are, in ſociety, like weazles among chickens. They ought to wear a badge or mark, by which they may be known. The word BEWARE ſhould be written in legible characters on their foreheads ; and I am reſolved to pin ſuch a label upon Mitchell, the firſt time I ſee him.

A CERTAIN thick-ſkulled Algerine, who chatters much about my Waſp, had better attend to the duties of *his office* (given him by the honorable council) leſt he ſhould come in for his ſhare of the *laſhing*. For further particulars he may enquire at my garret.

☞ I muſt apologize to my readers and correſpondents for the long delay of this number. The printer's excuſe is, that *other work* interfered. I have a great number of communications on file, which ſhall be attended to as faſt as poſſible.

FOR THE WASP.

SONNET.—TO THE *BEE.*

SWEET Chemiſt ! than *Hyblæan* nobler far,
Whoſe " balmy ſpoils" not pinks and roſes yield :
Thy prouder labours ſeek far other field,
With ready art to ſeize the luſcious ſtore :
Thee other ſcenes than beds of fragrant thyme,
Than gardens gay, or flow'ry lawns invite ;
Thee fœtid ſinks and gutters more delight :
To thee, of wond'rous ſkill, more welcome are
Garbage and carrion ; like that ſwarm of yore,
Bred in a carcaſe, nurs'd in filth and ſlime—
Sweet Chemiſt ! with proboſcis ſharp to draw
Delicious draughts, and morſels rich from theſe :
So dung-hill-fowls on grains and maggots ſeize
Mid reeking excrements, and rotten ſtraw.

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FOR THE EDITOR.